



Alexandria Park Community School

with Gabrielle 'Journey' Jones

Red Room Poetry

Red Room Poetry inspires students and teachers to create, perform and publish poetry. We enliven experiences with poetry by bringing contemporary poets into classrooms across Australia to run dynamic writing workshops that awaken imaginations and support creative opportunities.

With generous support from MIRVAC and Landcom, in June, poet and performer Gabrielle Jones delivered performances and ran workshops over two days with Alexandria Park students from years 3 to 6 encouraging students to investigate the power of language and poetry in self-expression while supporting them to explore the themes of unity, community and belonging in the local area. Gabrielle 'Journey' Jones led students in creative writing exercises and introduce them to 'flowetry' through her drumming and rhythm activities.



Gabrielle 'Journey' Jones

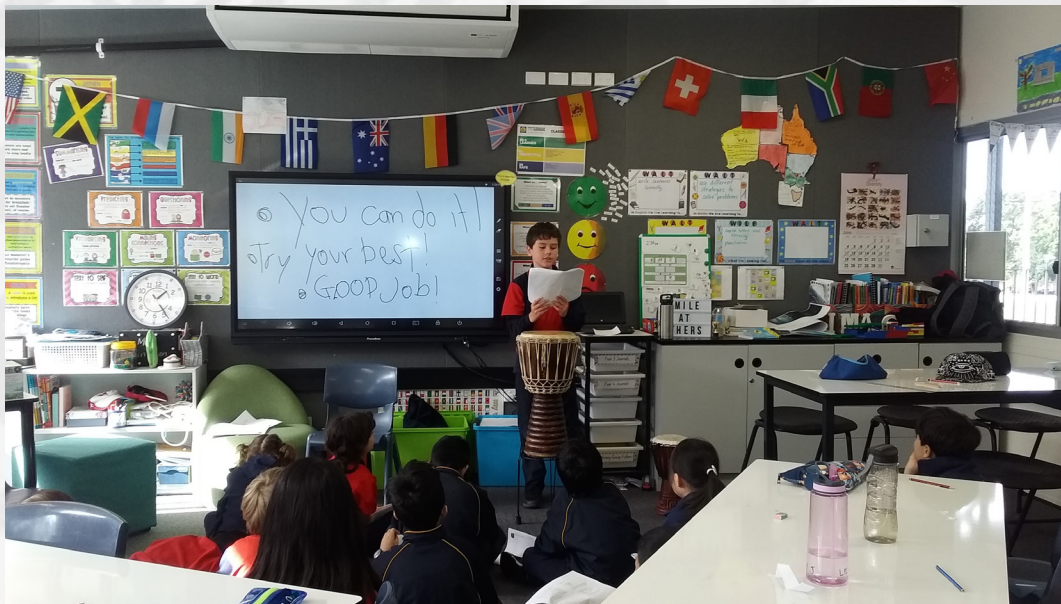
Gabrielle 'Journey' Jones is a co-Founder and CEO (Creativity Encouragement Officer) of Creative Womyn Down Under, a community initiative since 2006 in Sydney which helps to connect women and creativity. Gabrielle has been passionate about using spoken word performance poetry and drumming to raise social issues for over 20 years. Her first published collection of poetry *Spoken Medicine* was released in 2017 by Ginninderra Press

Group Poem

Morning Dew shines like diamonds on the emerald teardrop leaves.
The wind whistles through the trees as if it was a flute played by an invisible musician.

Group Poem

I walk into the school and the ground is made of rubbish, every day I watch the pile rise
Yet the rubbish bins are empty like a deep abyss despite the teacher's efforts
The cleaners work their hardest to make the ground spotless but to no avail



Group Poem

Alex Park is the best and it's nothing like the rest
All our classrooms are a mess but we are all as rare as a treasure chest
The canteen's food is delicious, and also very nutritious
The playground is really fun, but we are not allowed bubble gum
In the library we have to be silent and make sure boys are not violent

Uniqueness at Alexpark

By Grace

Different cultures of all different religion,
different traditions with different celebrations
and different people with different backgrounds
this is uniqueness at Alexpark playgrounds
where birds sign and trees dance

Untitled

By Maggie

Birds chirping all around,
kids playing at the playground.
Everyone running up & down,
I hope no-one's showing a frown.
Everyone is playing handball,
but some are playing basketball.
This school is very cool,
but what would make it better is a pool.
People always wanting to win,
but they forget to put their rubbish in the bin.
Some kids like to do maths in class,
but most think that they won't even get a pass.
Music is really fun,
because Ms. Winfield helps us learn a ton.
All teachers love their students,
which is why they're taking us camping in tents.
Moving to Alex Park was the best decision I've ever made,
and I will never trade.

Our Community

By Maggie

When all the kids come out to play,
we make sure that all the adults go away.
We play handball all the time,
and I'm still trying to make this rhyme.
I have 1 sister and 2 brothers,
I also have 1 father and 1 mother.
I have fun with my family every day,
because we always go out to play.
Birds in our community fly so high,
sometimes I think that they're too shy.
The cats always walk through our garden,
sometimes I wish they could say pardon.
I have lived in this community for 9 years.

Lunch Time

By Parker

Children play, birds chirp,
planes soar, engines roar,
teachers talk, children chat.
it's lunch time, the bell rings,
a sweet lovely tune.
Delicious aromas fly
Through the school sending
every tummy growling mad.

Everyone rushes mad for food.
they eat, they slurp,
they guzzle and burp.
Yum, Yum, Yum!

It's a fund-raiser and the
school's covered with
tables with delicious
pastries and bite-sized
delicacies ready for purchasing.
OOH, AHH! These look good,
lets buy 'em!
Trees wave, flowers sway,
enthusing children to
PLAY!

Untitled

By Sumaya

The doors close
behind me as the
train departs
taking along its
hand. Cold leather
seats and its tired,
waterlogged passengers

The rain drops
are still on the
tinted windows, and
the platform is
covered with wet
shoeprints and yellow
'floor is wet' signs.

A commanding voice
over the intercom
informs everyone
when the next
train is coming.

There's a long
line leading to
the turnstiles, and
the beeping of the
reader is uniform,
as one by one the
line shortens.

But there's the
occasional cross that
flashes across the screen

as the person's card
is rejected; all life drained
From their face.

After the readers, the
escalator's clattering
stairs face me as I board
them.

The impatient tapping of
people's professional
shoes on the metal of
the stairs, the grip of
rubber; it's all familiar.
Going up the second set of
escalators. New faces come to my
gaze; the petrichor and
whiff of dust is nostalgic
every time I leave the train
station.

Sometimes there's a surge off
people and a panic
ensues in me; an endless
pit opens up in my
stomach as I wonder, is
my bus gone?

And although it's quite
repetitive and exhausting, I
love it because it gives
me a sense of maturity
and community.

You May Never Understand

By Casper

you may never understand the
way that the scent of the
eucalyptus tree fills the air
like smoke or how the birds sign
to the sky filling it with the
sweetest melodies.

you may never understand how
the sun comes up, bathing it
in wonderful waves of
golden light or the smell
of cakes in all the
different bakeries.

you may never understand
the gifts mother nature
has given this suburb
this place
this country

the calling of it
draws you to it
pulling you to it
'till you obey

you may never understand how
you can walk up any street
and find a café or restaurant

you may never understand the
relaxed environment off the school
being able to
kick footballs
slam handballs
or simply chat with friends

you may never understand
but there is a chance you might

My Neighbourhood

By Zoe

My Neighbourhood is a busy one
With people Scrambling all around
Here in my Neighbourhood everywhere you go
There are cars and buses and people on their phones
You hear a load moan and try not to laugh
As more and more people use the road as a footpath
You continue your walk accompanied by some insects
Before stopping at the lights where the traffic intersects
As you walk on you see houses and trees
The trees start to sway because of a faint breeze
On one of the houses you spot a WestCONnex sign
WestCONnex won't work! It won't! The sign whines
As you reach the park you see a man walk his dog
You walk on and see a group of people out for a jog
You witness a child arguing with her mother, near the swings
Just five more minutes, she whines, just five more please!
That probably used to be me when I was young
For this is the place I've spent my life growing up
Here everyone is accepted, no matter the look on their face
Because this is my Neighbourhood. This is my Place.

Alex Park

By Rand

Alex Park Community School is so cool that's why we all love it.
In this school we have a Dictionary which makes APCS so secondary.
If we play with all of our friends the fun never ends.
We play handball and football and this is
a day of APCS, I hope you enjoyed and come to stay.

Untitled

By Yasmin

Walking through the hallways
hearing invisible tendrils of
sound snake their way out
of doors, students chattering,
pens scratching on paper,
sounds of learning.

The smell of rain flowing
through catching you up
in its scent, there are
other smells too simmering
just below the surface
each one different, separate
but blending together to
create one comforting
unique, jumbled aroma.

The intoxicating taste of
fresh air ensnaring your
tastebuds, dancing around
you as if part of a
ballet.

Gripping the bar like
your life depends on it,
swinging back and
forth until that moment
when you choose to
let go flying through
the air like a bird
it seems an eternity before
your feet reach the ground
rooting you to the earth.

Children laughing, playing
everywhere expressions of
pure joy lighting up every
face, a sea of people, of
happiness, of unity, a community,
our community.

Our School

By Sacha

Our school is an interesting school with Birds chirping and children working with cars driving and animals thriving with teachers speaking and children shrieking and kids playing and teachers saying “lunch is over”

Our school, with its children always playing always saying when’s home time?

Our school that has so much multiculturalism that you can’t even walk into a class without someone who has a different background.

Our school has so much interesting sounds that it pounds your head with the music of nature with Birds chirping sounding like a flute

Our school with so much different things like birds chirping with children playing always saying “when’s home time?” with so much multiculturalism that when you walk into a room it seems as if there is a person from every country there

This is our school.

It’s time for fun

By Jacob

It’s time to go and play outside, it’s time to get some fresh air and have fun with your friends. It’s 11 o’clock and it’s lunch time, the canteen’s open and the kids start running and screaming, the teachers are trying to keep the children steady so they won’t bump into each other and hurt each other.

It’s lunch time it is the time to play with your friend and burn your energy. It’s a time to have fun and enjoy the grass, playground and basketball/hand ball courts. You can hear handballs

bouncing and feel the wind through your hands, you can taste your lunch and see your friends playing happily.

It’s time to go inside most kids are tired and some are still hyper and want to keep playing.

On The Bus

By Anon

I open the window,
look out and see beautiful houses
The cold wind fills my face
I see kids playing in the sandpit
As well as someone with a suitcase
I started daydreaming about the beach
I feel the sand between my feet.
The sun is out
The sand is spectacular and warm
The smell of the ocean filled my nostrils
I looked at the water

The water was wavy
The water was blue
The water was crystals
In the deep blue

I blinked and the beach was a calamity
I jerk back to reality
as the bus stops at the
school
I see that it had rained so much.
It looked like a giant swimming pool.

I can't stop thinking about the beach
how it was suddenly a full rubbish bin.
I see my friend and I run over to her
about to tell her about my dream on the beach
but then she offers me a peach
"NO!" I yell angrily into the classroom.

After school I
hop onto the bus.

I think about the beautiful beach,
and how it became a calamity.
Then I jerk back to reality
as I walk home I hear the birds chirping in the distance,
I walk down my consistent way.
The way down the drive way.
As soon as I reach the house,
I hope onto my bed,
then blackout.
Once again thinking about the beach,
how it became a calamity.
Then jerked back to reality

"Why can't people keep the beach clean?" I yelled

Untitled

By Lourdes

Kids playing, bell ringing, assembly starting, kids sitting, this is the start of an Alex Park school day. Classes starting and ending till 1st lunch. Kids eating and playing handball, handball, is a popular game here, we play and enjoy, but back to class to do some math. In assembly on Thursday the kids who are quiet and neat next week get to sit on a seat. We look out the window "wow" such beautiful trees. Sometimes Miss Smith lets us watch movies when it rains, but we have to maintain silent. Some teachers are nicer than others but at the end of the day Alex Park school is a good place to stay.

Group Poem

The nature is as diverse as rainforests.
The grass is as green as mother nature's blessings.
The school brightens up my day when I feel down and stuck in regret.
The autumn leaves are orange as the sunset at Alexandria.
The autumn leaves in Alexandria are as orange as the sunset.

Group Poem

Alexandria is a friendly place.
You don't know who you will meet.
You will like it.
The money for the shops gathering.
The sun penetrates through the windows like a bullet in the air.
The peacefulness in Alexandria is a land of peace and harmony between men and women.
The moment you step inside the silver walls greet you
And when you step into the classroom you feel the warmth
It's like a heater compared to the bitter cold outside



Group Poem

On a quiet and still morning the leaves softly muffles birds chirps.
Come to Alex Park where you're surrounded in harmony.
Where the birds sing it's like you're listening to a song.
Come to Alex Park where the trees are like broccoli stalks with roots.
On a cold morning it is a pleasure to get inside we all feel comfortable.

Alexpark's Specialties

By Tabnu

In alexpark you
can do all kinds of fun
activities and it's very
important to respect
each other and care
for those who are
in need of help
because we want
to make this school
inviting to other students
ans safe because
they can get very
touch at times because
someone may have
upset them or hurt them
but students can also
do very well in maths,
science, history
and spelling

That's why
ACPS is an amazing
school, I believe
it's the best
I have been to
and all my best
friends come here
too, just like my
best from Tyson.

Be a learner
Be respectful
Be safe

Come to Alexandria!

By Gloria

Do you hear the soft pitter patter of rain?
Or the bird chirping in pleasure or pain?
Can you smell the fragrance of the lush grass
That is not at all close to squishy squashy marsh
I'm sure you've eaten food sometimes it's not good.
And when I slide my hand down the rough bark,
On my hand there will be a slight mark
Through I know nothing bad will happen.
The sunset is so mysterious and breathtaking
And it is a part of Mother Nature's making.
This was all about Alexandria
I think that Alexandria is better
Than any other place
Now this has been my pleasure
To tell you about Alexandria!

Alexandria Park

By Molly

Roses are red violets are blue
Alex park is an amazing
view, you can see from the
window trees also grass and
buildings and cars, come and
see Alex park hear the
children laugh with glee
in the park, dogs bark
and bark for happiness,
bugs fly and beetles crawl,
ride your bike down the
smooth road, next to
the park there is a
tall and wide school that
is filled with pride
this is why we love
Alex park.

Alexandria

By Toby

In Alexandria you
can sense nature
as soon as you come
here.

It's in the air the
smell, the taste, the
sound it's al there
from border to border.
You can see nature at
it's peak as
beautiful as can be.

And the beauty
of it is that some
of that nature keeps
us alive trees
beautiful trees give
us oxygen and in
return we give
them carbon dioxide.

It's the beauty
of life the reason
we grow trees and
live in harmony
with them. The
school helps attract
people and that's the
end of my song.

My Home

By Rhyme

When I'm in my home I feel safe because my brother, family, toys are all around me that means I'm safe from danger, robbers. I feel great when I'm at home I can hear the mimic of iPads, tv, phones all around me. When I wake up I have lots of energy ready to write at school and say "Hi" to my friends, teachers, principals, my brother every day because this is life and I love it.

The world we live in

By Neil

The world is a gift by lord. While the air flows around the world that we need. We need trees that filter the air that blows around the world that we want. We need water that feeds the trees that filter the air that flows around the world that we want. We need rain that fills up the lake that fills the lake that feeds the trees that filters the air that flows around the world that we want.

Respectful, safe, learner

By Ruby

All school rules are being respectful, being a learner, and being safe. An example of being respectful is listening to the teacher when speaking. You should not speak over a teacher. An example of being a learning is arriving to school on time. If you don't get to school on time grab a late note from the office and give it to your teacher. An example of being safe is not going in out of bound areas. if you do it's the wrong decision to make and you will get in trouble because the teachers can't see you. So now everyone knows to follow the school expectations which are being respectful, safe and a learner.

Alexandria Park

By Ronan

Alex park is where smiles follow you where ever you go like you're in a happy place. Rain falls like someone drumming loudly. The sound of laughing children will make you happy. Every day you wake up with a lovely orange sun set that looks like a bright orange fire. Beach waves are huge like you're looking at a tall building. Cafes serve lovely food like you're tasting a new favourite food.